

Wichita Daily Eagle

AFTER A SWORDFISH.

A "GLORIOUS" FISHING TRIP IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

Waves like the Coney Island toboggan slide—The Correspondent "Sled His Garment"—In the Tail of a Storm—The Skipper's Tale of Woe.

I had longed to go swordfishing all my life. I knew the creature was fabulous, gaudy and good, for I had eaten savory bits of him broiled. I knew that he carried on his pugnacious snout a sword of polished ivory as lively as an Italian's ex-caltiber. I knew he would fight like a cowboy, and was from eight to fifteen feet long. So I wanted to go after him, or I foolishly thought I did. I was talking in this way on a pile of stone they called a "wharf" when a skipper spoke up and says: "You goes a faller after 'em. Why don't you go along 'er 'im?"

He blew on his fingers a shrill pipe—one long blast and two short—as a signal, and received a similar answering horn. The sails luffed, the sloop hove to and came around, and my whistling agent put me aboard from his own dory.

ON BOARD THE SLOOP.
The sloop tacked again and laid herself right down before the wind. It seemed nice. Each was as lively as an Italian's ex-caltiber, and rolled up from toward Spain. It seemed like the corduroy toboggan slide at Coney Island. It suggested going to heaven in a hammock. We introduced ourselves. The skipper's name, I had been told, was Halibut, but after I had called him by it about a hundred times I found out that it was Furlbut. He was at the helm and held the reins. Another man stood on a little platform about thirty feet up the mast, and it was his business to discover the fish and tell the captain which way to steer. A third man was standing right out on the end of the bowsprit with a harpoon in his right hand, a sharp, ugly-looking steel weapon six or seven feet long. "This is glorious!" I shouted.

"Hey!" sung out the skipper, above the whistling wind.

"Glorious!" I repeated.

"Tall of a storm," he shouted back, "she's a'nt got no fish."

I went over where he stood. There were two vessels like our own a little distance off, with men in the crows' nests and on the bow.

The captain tacked, and as the boom came around yelled out: "K out for your head!" I looked out for it, and then I observed for the first time that he seemed in trouble. He was sweating in a low, gentle, heaving voice, and his face was pale, with quite a surprising amount of epithet and metaphor. It was the most serene profanity I had ever heard. It had wheedling and even pathetic accents, like a Newfoundland dog that is being petted.

"That is it, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"That infernal sort of a sculpin on the lee quarter stole a fish 'm me yesterday," he said in the same subdued voice. "I'd like to whale 'em so 't he couldn't stan'," and then he blasphemed again in a foolish and ridiculous way.

"Did he take it right off the deck?" I asked.

He cast a withering glance at me, swore a little and remarked: "He did not, but he might just as well uv. It was my fish. It was more'n ten rod ahead uv us, and we was just a' goin' to grab 'im."

I said I "never considered a deer mine till I'd shot 'im."

"RIGHT OFF HIS DECK."

He grunted five or six times in a way that was sad to see, and then he uttered an arabesque of profanity quite dazzling to hear, and added: "Hut a zeet! Well he might git away 'm ye, mightn't he? An' a swordfish couldn't git away 'm me, could he? That's the difference, ain't it? Just as soon that white livered mealy euss had took it right off my deck."

"Starboard bow!" yelled the man in the rigging.

"Bello!" said the captain in a surprised way, and put his helm a-port. The sloop listed to the leeward, and the man on the bow held up his harpoon at arm's length, and gazed anxiously down into the water.

A wrenching convulsion—chug—the sharp iron had left his hand and gone into the sea. The rope rattled after, the sloop came around into the wind, a boat was tossed over the board by a man and a boy, and the chase began.

Answering my inquiries the skipper said: "He'll run till he tires out, then he'll come to the surface, and they will haul him up on an ax and pull him aboard if they are strong enough. If he's too big they'll tow 'em over here."

We were almost out of sight of land. The sloop was running a hurdle race, jumping over waves as high as a house. She pitched fearfully and she rolled awfully. Tobogganing was tiring me out. It suggested going in a hammock to the other place. My stomach was queasy.

"When we are going ashore!" I asked.

"When we get some fish," said the skipper. "This is glorious."

I stood up a minute longer heroically, and then I came to the surface, and they will haul him up on an ax and pull him aboard if they are strong enough. If he's too big they'll tow 'em over here."

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BIG SWAMP ADVENTURES.
Life on the Great Marsh with Deer, Bears, Alligators and Desolation.
The prairie land which covers a considerable portion of the Oklafokeas swamp is a very remarkable formation, and is, I am told, peculiar to this swamp. It is open land, entirely free from timber, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach in every direction. It has most of the characteristics of a huge inland sea except the waves. Interspersed here and there in this huge prairie are small patches of high, dry ground of variable size and heavily timbered, called cow holes. I am unable to ascertain the propriety of this name, unless it be that the cattle, deer and other animals seek these places for shelter and to get out of the water.

The surface of these prairies is covered with a deposit of decayed vegetation that has been accumulating for centuries, and is called muck. This varies in thickness from four to ten feet, with water beneath, and below the water sand. This singular formation gives to the swamp its name of Trembling Earth. It will support the weight of the average man if he keeps moving forward, but if he pauses an instant he commences to sink, and may go through to his waist or over his head. At every step the water comes up around the feet, while the muck will tremble and quiver for yards around.

There is something grand and even sublime to the visitor in the silent vastness of this prairie formation. It stretches away before the eye in every direction until only limited by the horizon, its perfect stillness only broken by the occasional bellows of some huge alligator or the far distant scream of some unknown bird. Here and there can be seen the track left behind by some hunter, where possibly years ago he had laboriously poled his canoe along in pursuit of game, the path as distinct and fresh now as if only made yesterday. All around fish of endless species and sizes can be seen swimming and darting about, while not infrequently the eye may fall upon some immense alligator or snake sunning himself upon the surface of the muck and water, or slowly sinking out of sight as soon as he is discovered. This description conveys a slight, but at best a very imperfect, idea of the prairie land of this swamp.

Upon the island where we are at present encamped are living two families, with the aged father, named Cheshire. The old gentleman is nearly 80 years of age, and has spent thirty odd years of his life here in this spot. He is a wonderful fisherman and indeed calls himself the king of the swamps, to which position he says he was duly appointed and commissioned by Dr. Little, the state geologist. The two sons of Mr. Cheshire have their families here. The men attempt to cultivate small crops,

but spend most of their time hunting. Their revenue is almost wholly derived from the sale of hides, alligators, deer and bear. The quantities of these that they destroy and many of their stories of hunting adventures are almost incredible.

Think of a hunter shooting down four deer with a rifle, one after another, and without moving from one spot. In several of the lakes that are thickly interspersed throughout this prairie the alligators are so numerous and fierce that they will attack a man in a boat as soon as he appears among them, and shooting them by night, which is the way they are commonly killed, is sometimes attended with no little danger.

The entire armament of the Cheshire family consists of one ten-gauge, ten-pound, double barreled Remington shotgun and two Winchester rifles, one 30-caliber and one 22. Also a small yellow pine bow and a few cane arrows. The latter are used in shooting fish, and I feel safe in affirming that the dexterity with which these men use their rude bow and arrows would put to shame the average Atlanta marksman with his rifle.

In passing over the prairie one of the Cheshires will suddenly stop, pole his little boat and send his little arrow flying into the water—ordinarily into a spot where you or I would see nothing, but the way in which that arrow will dance about for the next minute or two will convince you not only that there is

an object on the other end of it, but that there is an object of some size, too. When your hunter pulls up his arrow, behold! A four or six pound trout or black bass, centrally transfixed, a shot that very few of our marksmen could make with a gun.—Cor. Atlanta Journal.

What She Needed.
Indigent people sometimes include strange things under the head of "necessities" when receiving "help" from kindly disposed persons.

The agent of a private relief association once received the following note from a woman in a state of actual destitution. She was the mother of six small children, and was one of those unfortunate persons who had seen "better days," and wished her benefactors not to lose sight of that fact:

"Although now sadly reduced in financial circumstances," she wrote, "the time has been when I had an abundance, and I feel keenly the deprivation of many things that would not be missed by persons accustomed to them. Therefore, in addition to fuel and provisions of all kinds, I desire something in the way of a dressing jacket, in shades of cardinal, and a few invisible hair nets to match the hair I possess. Also, if you will be so kind, something in the way of fancy shoes for my three little girls, and suitable ties for two boys with blue eyes and fair complexions, and one with dark hair and eyes. A neat and suitable molasses pitcher would also be acceptable, and a few skeins of shaded cardinal and green embroidery silk for an undie-

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Whereupon the enamored prince deliberately went and cut off his pigtail. Perhaps you do not know what such an act meant. It signified the abandonment of his princely prerogatives—nay, more, his banishment from the empire of China. And after he had made the sacrifice the young woman again refused him with scorn.

Early next morning a body was seen hanging out of a window at the legation. It is supposed that it was that of the prince, but the mystery was never solved. The Chinese embassy's ground is Chinese territory, and an invasion of it by the police would be a cause belli with China.—Washington Letter.

The Divine Sarah and Her Trunks.
Lady readers may be interested in knowing something of the trunks of Sarah Bernhardt, which the other day, to the number of forty-eight, interfered with the traffic at Angers station and paralyzed nearly the whole of the railway staff there. Madame admits that she had forty-eight trunks with her, exclusive of packages great and small. Twenty of her trunks are made of wood, about four feet high, each divided into three compartments and filled with her most valuable dresses. Fourteen were made of wicker work, also in three compartments, some of the heavier being subdivided into two, three, or four spaces, filled with petticoats, linens, boots and robes of small value. Three special trunks are set apart for hats, arranged on pegs in such a way as to prevent them from being shaken or crushed. The tragedienne's "kit" in all weighed between two and three tons—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Voluble Agent.
The silver polish man is an artist. He is numerous and always theorizes. One of the latest of the kind was in a Lewiston drug store the other day and he was as vocal theorizing, and his theory was fearfully and wonderfully made. Said he: "Silver is porous. You can tell that it is because it sweats in hot weather. Fill a silver pitcher with water and the water comes through on the outside." So on ad libitum, while the druggist smiled and said, "If your knowledge of other subjects is as accurate as that upon the pores of silver it is valuable."—Lewiston Journal.

A Problem.
"I don't see how you live."
"Why?"
"You say you can't live within your income, and certainly you can't live without it."—Harpers' Bazar.

Method in Her Madness.
Cobbwiger—Why does a woman have her pocket where it's so hard to get at?
Merritt—So that she can stick her friend for the car fare.—Epoch.

THE LAST OF THE VETERANS.
One of the few survivors of this country's second war with England.
Gen. Abraham Dally, in full uniform and with numerous medals pinned upon his breast, was the only veteran of 1819 who turned out to do honor to Washington's birthday, and he was a guest of the Veterans' Zouaves. The absence of others was so conspicuous as to cause people to ask: "What has become of the rest of the company?" The fact is that death has gathered in the brave defenders of the Union, who rallied around its standard when it was for the second time threatened by England's foes, until there is only a remnant of two or three left.

A few years ago it was the practice of the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue, the Continental, or some of the other hotels, to give the veterans a dinner on each of the holidays; but they have been neglected in this particular for a year or two. One reason for this neglect is that other than the veterans took the opportunity to get a free dinner, having no claim upon the generosity of the giver of the feast other than that they were acquainted with some of the veterans. Hence this way of remembering the old heroism five or six times a year with a feast ultimately became vexatious, and the hotels and others could not be blamed for discontinuing the custom. The reunions of the "Veterans of 1812" have each year fallen off in attendance, however, and it is doubtful if there will ever be another.

Gen. Dally has seemed to surpass all of the others in physical strength as well as in length of life. He is in his ninety-fourth year and more hale and hearty than most men at 70. He was born in this city, but for more than forty years has lived in the eastern district of Brooklyn. He inherits longevity, his father living until he was 92 years old. Gen. Dally's wife, who was Ann Norman, came from a similar lineage of sturdy and prolific stock.

She lived for sixty years after her marriage, and raised a family of fifteen children. Although only five of the children are now living, the old veteran has more than fifty descendants still in the flesh, and he is a great-grandfather. His eldest son is about 75 years old. The title of the old veteran is not, as many have supposed, one which he earned when in the war of 1812, but it is a complimentary title, and came to him by election to the command of the battalion of veterans upon the death of Gen. Raymond, a few years ago.

Gen. Dally's father was a well-to-do shopkeeper in this city, and for many years the son worked for him. But after the war the son held various positions under the government. At one time also Gen. Dally had a grocery at Heister street and the Bowery, the time when Grand street was only a little more than a country road. His last business was running a restaurant in Williamsburg, more than twenty years ago. He is not by any means in independent circumstances, but it is only support coming from his government pension, of \$5 a month and some assistance from the veterans of the Mexican and the civil wars.—New York Tribune.

Playing Cards of Human Skin.
Capt. J. W. Kingsbury, of this city, is at home for the night at the Hotel de la Ville, Indian reservation, where he is a post trader. The San Carlos reservation is a valley 100 miles square, situated at the junction of the San Carlos and Gila rivers in Arizona. About 5,000 Indians are cared for by the government on this reservation. As soon as a post trader is asked, as to week's provisions or extra blanket he sits down on the ground and proceeds to gamble them away.

"By the way," said Capt. Kingsbury, "did you ever see their playing cards?" and when asked he laid out a deck which he said had been made by Indians. The faces and spots were copied after the Mexican monte playing cards, and were put on with some bright durable paint. They looked as if made of mink or possibly thin bone, but Capt. Kingsbury being asked as to the material said: "Well, you know an Indian makes everything durable, and you know what a varied use he makes of raw hide."

The listener, who had been gracefully shuffling the cards, suddenly held them between a finger and thumb.

"Now, you see," continued Capt. Kingsbury, "these hide or beef hide would be too thick, and it is reported that such things are manufactured from the exterior covering of prisoners—in other words, tanned white man's skin."—Kansas City Times.

Greenwich Mean Time.
It would hardly be fair to expect the police constable to be well up in the elements of astronomy, considering the many other high qualities that modern civilization and reality demand of the active and intelligent officer, but a little learning would have prevented 32 E. giving such amusing evidence at the Thames police court yesterday. The ladies of the Westminster's Arms was summoned for keeping his house open after 11, and fineandence showed that there had been a rush of excursionists just at midnight, and the defendant said his last guest then out at once. But there was a dispute as to the hour, and the officer's time was questioned. He declared that he went by Greenwich time, and as that is the standard not only in these islands but for four-fifths of all the ships on the high seas there could be none better. The ladies then asked what he meant by it he said, said the laughter of the court. "The time by the church clock in Greenwich" no completely does ecclesiastical watch clock and scientific authority the observatory was "not in it" with the church. The case was dismissed. Meanwhile it is worth noting that the reflection that a good many people, if subjected to an examination as to what is meant by "Greenwich mean time," would not be greatly wiser than himself.—London Telegraph.

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